

MARRYING A HUMORIST

By M. QUAD

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Bessie Banks' mother declared that her daughter was born smiling and that she laughed heartily six weeks before the ordinary child, male or female, even cracks a smile. As she grew up she became more smiling still. In the same village lived Henry White, a young man of solemn thought and solemn face. Nobody had ever discovered that he had a laugh. Once in a great while a fleeting smile crossed his face. He was a carpenter by trade, and he took life as seriously as if it was fated that he should fall from a scaffold next day and break his neck. He was attracted to Miss Bessie by her laugh, and he reasoned it out:

"It is time I should get a wife. Everybody says I am too solemn and serious, and I guess they are right about it. It would not do for me to marry a solemn, serious girl. I shall therefore marry one who can live me up and make me smile and laugh as other folks do. Bessie Banks would do it. I shall therefore marry her if she will have me."

He tried about a dozen times to tell her of his great desire, and she helped him with a merry laugh. The more she laughed the more courage she gave him and the firmer his mind was made up never to marry any girl who was lacking in mirth.

In due time the words were spoken and a favorable answer received. Then the marriage day was set, and in due time also that date arrived. In due time Henry White knocked off his job of shingling a roof of a kitchen and went to a livery stable for a horse and buggy. He was to call at her house at a certain hour, and they were to drive five miles out into the country to be married by a minister who was a cousin to him. He arrived at the house, expecting her to be all ready and to smile and laugh as she came out to take a seat beside him.

To Henry's great astonishment the bride to be was not at home and waiting for him, although the hour had been named the previous evening. Miss Bessie's mother said there must be some mistake about it, as her daughter had gone to a neighbor's a mile away and would not be back for several hours. Henry had worked up a smile as he drove up to the gate of the Banks' residence, but it quickly faded and became a very, very solemn thing. He drove away in search of the bride, and she came out to the gate with the same old merry laugh on her lips.

"How is this?" asked Henry. "We were to be married at this hour. Have you backed out?"

"Oh, no, no, no," was the reply. "You see, I thought it would be a good joke to run away from you and make you hunt me up."

That was her first joke as a bride, and Henry soon discovered that a solemn, serious girl would have made him less trouble than a merry one. They had not been housekeeping two weeks before he came to supper one evening to find that the only evidence of a meal was a dish of sliced cucumbers and some very cold tea.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked as he took his chair and looked over the table.

"I wanted to play you a joke," was the reply, followed by a peal of laughter.

"But I can't see the joke," protested the hungry carpenter, who knew there was a plenty in the house to eat.

"Oh, it's so funny, it's so funny, Henry! I wish you could see how solemn your face looks. I am afraid you are not going to be much of a joker."

The next "good joke" played on Henry was a few days later. He came home to find twelve cats in the sitting room, and they were engaged in a lively row as he entered.

"For heaven's sake! What are all these cats doing?" he demanded.

All the answer he got was a merry peal of laughter, and he grabbed the broom and went in among the fighting felines and drove them out of the house with many a poke and whack.

There was one more "joke." One day a tin peddler came along, and as some of his wares were wanted in the house and Bess had no money with which to buy, she traded Henry's Sunday suit and a rug or two in exchange. "Exchange" meant in this case that she had to dispose of about \$15 worth of articles for about \$3 of tinware, and yet when the husband came home she was all a flutter to tell him of the great bargain she had made and the joke she had worked off on the peddler. She smiled and laughed and chuckled, but Henry broke out into words of indignation and even indulged in threats. She laughed at his words and that night she crept softly out of bed and returned to her father's house, and when Henry visited her next morning her father and mother and herself said:

"Henry, you are too solemn. No one can drive a joke into your head with a sledge hammer. It is better that you and Bessie separate and get a divorce and that you marry Abigail Jones, who is an old maid of forty years and who is so solemn that she would not fetch a smile if she saw any one fall over a sleeping hog on the sidewalk."

And at last accounts poor Henry was keeping bachelor's hall by himself and looking as solemn as a rock by the roadside, and Bessie was laughing to everybody she met about her trying to make a horn owl see the point in her joke. They have not got together again yet and probably never will. There was too much fun on one side and too much solemnity on the other.

SELLING DEAD LETTERS.

One Postoffice Custom That Teaches a Moral Lesson.

Twice a year in Washington they hold a curious auction. It is called the dead letter sale, but in reality it is the sale of packages that have been sent to the dead letter office because of deficient postage or wrong directions.

After these packages have been held for a certain length of time, in order to give senders or owners an opportunity to claim them, they are sold at public auction.

It is often a strange and pathetic collection. Most of the articles are cheap enough, although valuable things are not lacking. But who can estimate the intrinsic value of some of those lost gifts—the time and sacrifice and love they respect? How many lives were robbed of a happiness that rightfully belonged to them because of the sender's carelessness or ignorance?

Is there not a parable lurking somewhere about this strange auction? How many lives are there today that hold the possibility of gifts for other lives, yet through carelessness or ignorance or indifference are robbing both themselves and others and are carelessly making "dead letters" of gifts for which eager eyes and hearts are longing?

There is no sale of these dead gifts. No one has any chance at them. They are doubly lost—lost to the one who should have used them and to the world that needs them. What a pitiful waste of power and joy!—Baltimore American.

AFRICAN COCOA PORTERS.

Head Loads and Barrel Rolling Feats of the Natives.

Unusual and interesting is the spectacle in the African Gold Coast country of the transport of cocoa, the bulk of the inland produce being carried by porters to the railroad. Sometimes the roadways as far as the eye can see are one long line of cocoa bags on the heads of hundreds of carriers.

This carrying trade has produced an extraordinary flow of free labor into the whole hinterland of the Gold Coast. At Adawso, a buying station nearly fifteen miles from the rail head, one firm alone employs in the season 3,000 carriers, who cover the distance to the rail station at Pakro once and frequently twice a day with a 150 pound bag of cocoa.

Many of the native farmers within thirty miles of Accra prefer to sell their cocoa at a higher price at the port of embarkation and so have created the interesting system of "barrel rolling." In the cocoa season strongly bound and ponderous casks are filled with the beans and rolled to the seashore.

Traveling along the somewhat primitive roads one meets at frequent intervals perspiring natives struggling with the barrel, which, filled with cocoa, weighs considerably over a quarter of a ton. As a rule, three men roll two casks, one relieving the other. Occasionally the loss, due to accidents, is considerable.—Argonaut.

Henley's Sufferings.

In fifty-four years of his life—he was born in 1843—W. E. Henley, the writer, never knew what a day's perfect health meant. When little more than a boy he was attacked by a disease which necessitated the amputation of one foot. He was told later by the doctors that the sacrifice of the other leg was necessary were he to live. The fame of Dr. Lister had reached Henley, and, penniless and almost friendless, he determined to try Edinburgh infirmary. Thither he traveled third class in physical suffering such as few have known, and when he reached the infirmary his whole possessions amounted to a few shillings. His confidence in Lister was justified, and his leg was saved. He was and remained a cripple, but neither hopeless nor helpless. His astounding nimbleness under these conditions suggested to Robert Louis Stevenson the physical sketch of John Silver.

Halley's Achievements.

Edmund Halley was a very great man. He was not only the first to predict correctly the return of a comet, that which is now known by his name, but also—before Newton had announced his results to any one—arrived at the conclusion that the attraction of gravitation probably varied inversely as the square of the distance. While these and other important achievements of his are well known, it seems to have been forgotten that Halley devised a method of determining the age of the ocean from chemical denudation.

Indifference.

"Which do you prefer, summer or winter?" "I've no preference," replied Mr. Growcher. "It is just as depressing to me whether I put in a large portion of my time reading about the hottest day ever or the coldest day ever."—Washington Star.

Heavy Hearts.

Mr. Bacon—There, what did I tell you? This paper says the average man's heart weighs from ten to twelve ounces; the average woman's from eight to ten. Mrs. Bacon—Of course men's hearts weigh more. They are a good deal harder.—Yonkers Statesman.

Thorough Understanding.

"I presume you understand an auto thoroughly?" "Thoroughly—that is, I know when it won't run there is something the matter with it."—Detroit Free Press.

United States Submarine D-1



Photo by American Press Association.

The submarine D-1 is a 990-ton submersible and carries four torpedo tubes. She is 133 feet in length, and at her best can make over twelve knots an hour.

United States Battleship Louisiana

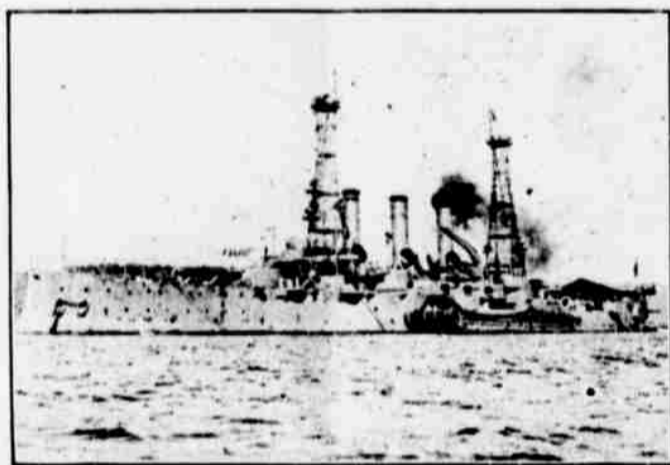


Photo by American Press Association.

The Louisiana cost \$7,425,613 and has a displacement of 16,000 tons, being 456.3 feet in length. Her big guns consist of four twelve-inchers and eight eight-inchers. She is manned by a crew of 850 officers and men and can go 18.8 knots an hour.

United States Battleship New Hampshire

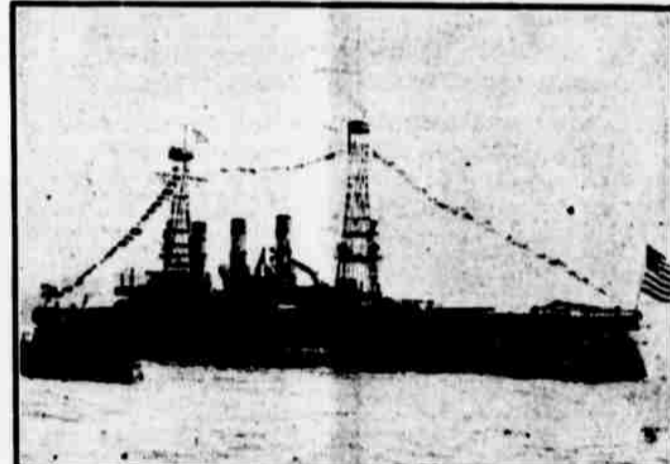


Photo by American Press Association.

The New Hampshire is a 16,000-ton warship, 456.3 feet long. She carries four twelve-inch guns, and her crew consists of 850 officers and men.

United States Battleship Connecticut

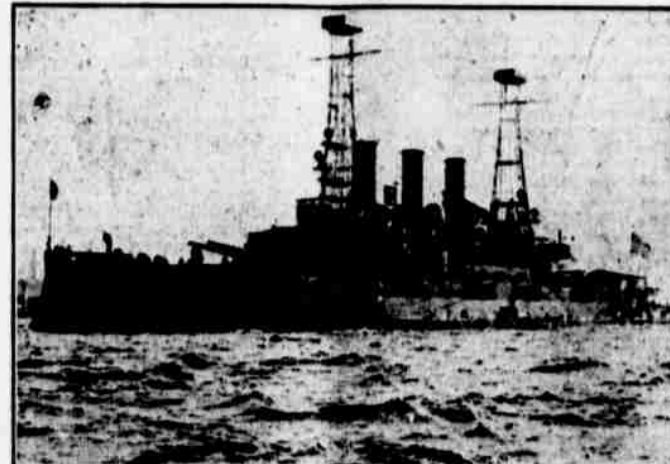


Photo by American Press Association.

The 16,000-ton Connecticut was laid down in 1903 and cost \$7,011,174. She has four twelve-inch and eight eight-inch guns and can make a speed of 18.8 knots. Her crew comprises 850 officers and men.

POULTRY NOTES.

In selecting eggs for the incubator it is always a good plan to avoid using those with thin shells or those of odd shapes. Keep the chicks free from lice and healthy. The chicks should be taught to use the roosts as soon as possible, the sooner the better. Water pans and feeding dishes for ducks should be thoroughly scalded often with boiling water. An older chick placed in the brooder with a batch of newly hatched youngsters will teach them to eat.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Don't cut the horse with the whip without warning. Speak and give him a chance to obey. Sows with pigs should be fed so that the milk flow will increase as the growing demand of the litter requires. Let the sheep have some grass, but keep up the dry feeding until the grass is strong and abundant. One of the best steps in cleanliness is to whitewash the entire inside of the horse stable twice each year. The pigs should have a dry sleeping place. Dampness causes rheumatism.

FEEDING INCUBATOR CHICKS PROPERLY

The moment a chick comes from the incubator the farmer must exercise great care in feeding. It is important to feed baby chicks carefully and to continue feeding the pullets attentively through the summer. A good food for baby chicks when between twenty-four and thirty hours old is a mixture of two hard boiled eggs cut up fine, two broken crackers and a small handful of oatmeal. The mixture is rolled with the hand, mixed thoroughly and scattered a little at a time on a clean cardboard.

The first food is not thrown in the brooder litter because it is necessary first to teach the baby chicks what to eat. Otherwise they will eat any small substance. This applies to feeding a mixture of small grains as well. The egg mixture is fed six times the first day and four times daily thereafter. A shallow box is placed before the chicks containing equal parts of wheat bran and oatmeal. This box is kept



There are eight varieties of Leghorn fowls, and of these three are bred with rose combs. The reason for the rose comb is that it is less liable to freeze in cold weather and thus shut off egg production. The bird shown is a rose comb White Leghorn cockerel.

full for at least two weeks, allowing the chicks to eat all the bran-oatmeal mash they desire.

On the second day the scattering of small grains and seeds commences in one inch litter (oats straw, shredded or cut fodder, broken pine straw or cut alfalfa) to make the chicks exercise. The following is an excellent mixture of scratching grains for baby chicks: Equal parts cracked wheat, cracked rice and cracked corn, and millet seed to lend variety to the food. The object of feeding small grain is to make the chicks scratch, work and keep healthy. Dry mash is to supply the best growing foods. The more mash the chicks eat the faster they will grow, provided they exercise by scratching for grain and run over a good range.—Professor F. C. Hare, South Carolina Experiment Station.

Litter for the Brooder.

Some people cover the floor of their brooders with sawdust, but it is not a good plan, for the young chicks pick up quite a quantity of it, and it clogs the crop and is liable to prove fatal if they eat too much of it. Others cover the floor with bran, and this is a good thing were it not for its cost, says the Kansas Farmer. The chicks eat a lot of bran, and it is good for them, but they also soil a large quantity of it, which must be taken out every few days and thrown away. This, of course, is a serious loss, especially where large quantities of chicks are raised. The ideal covering for the brooder floor is alfalfa leaves or the refuse from the barn loft. It benefits them to eat the alfalfa leaves, and they can be removed as soon as soiled and fresh leaves provided. It pays to be on the safe side and renew whatever you have on the floor of the brooder quite often, rather than have the chicks exposed to severe sickness by eating filthy food.

Oatmeal a Good Chick Feed.

If coarse oatmeal can be procured at a reasonable price—any not over 3 cents a pound—it makes one of the very best foods that can be given to young chicks, and we would feed more of it than any other kind of feed. Rolled oats are also good if the coarse kind cannot be procured. Broken rice is also a very good chick feed, though too much of it might injure them, as it swells considerably after being taken into the crop. Rice is best fed the last thing at night, as considerable time is required for it to digest.

RAISING ORPHAN COLTS ON COW'S MILK

We have raised two colts on cow's milk and find that if one uses judgment in feeding colts are as easy to raise this way as any other animals, writes a correspondent of the Farm and Fireside.

The first colt that we undertook to feed was a poor little thing at best, and the neighbors told us we were foolish for trying to raise it.

One said: "Kill it. You can't raise it."

"No," we replied. "That would be against our principles."

So we began with a pint of fresh milk at each feed, given every two hours after it learned to drink. Before this, for the first day or two, the milk was offered about every hour, but never more than a pint was offered at one time at first. If the colt refused the milk we never tried to force the feeding. One cow's milk was used—one that had not been giving milk very long. The milk was given fresh at milking time, with a level teaspoonful of sugar added each time. At other times the milk was used whole—that is, it was never skimmed and always taken from the last milking. Every time, except when fresh drawn milk could be had, it was warmed to about 10 to 15 degrees F. The temperature of fresh milk is about right, never over 100 degrees in any case. As the colt



For size, style, quickness of movement and ability and willingness to put shoulders into the collar the Percheron horse is hard to beat. Of course, there are other good breeds, several of them, and they make splendid drafters. The Percherons, however, are the most numerous of the heavy draft animals in the United States, and they are justly prized for their fine qualities. The Percheron stallion shown was a prize winner last fall.

grew older the quantity of milk was increased slowly, until at the end of the fourth week it was getting about a quart at a feed. "We were careful always to feed the colt at regular intervals. No one had to stay up at night to feed it except for the first few nights. After that the colt was the first thing to be fed every morning and the last thing at night."

It was taught to eat bran when a few weeks old, and later we added some oats chop. Some whole oats were given also at times. The colt was kept in a pasture lot where it could have plenty of grass as soon as it got old enough to eat it. It also had good shelter.

We added a raw egg, beaten, to the milk once a day for awhile, but cannot say that this was really necessary. However, it did no harm and probably did some good. At any rate, the colt seemed to thrive from the first and grew almost as fast as other colts.

We increased the quantity of milk gradually until we were giving very nearly two quarts of whole milk at a feed, but the time between meals was lengthened to four hours instead of two. We then allowed two teaspoonfuls of sugar at each meal. The sugar must not be omitted.

This is the way both colts were raised. We still own the first one raised by hand and could scarcely be induced to part with her. She is one of the best work horses in this part of the country, as well as one of the best looking animals to be found, although she is getting along in years. She is a great pet and still likes cow's milk.

When raising colts on milk, remember they require water also, but not at the same time. Never tense a colt unless you want a treacherous horse.

Every little colt should be trained to lead.

Hog Essentials.

To secure the best results with swine three important factors are necessary—good breeding, good feeding and good care. No one is more important than another, and they are all absolutely necessary.